With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the pounglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke
Riddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has vowed thy last confusion.
For thy my Riddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his wordt, nor for his best,
Open the doore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of doore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold floore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee pode thereat halfe aghast:
And Riddie the doore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the doore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Ch
That some good body would once p
Well heard Riddie al this sore co
And longd to know the cause of his co
Tho creeping close behind the Wick
Preuelie he peeped out through a ch
Yet not so preuilie, but the Foxe him
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed
Ah good young maister (then gan
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espy
And keepe your corpse from the care
That in my carrion carcas abounds
The Kidd pitying hys beauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he w
Tho he, that had well peond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of de
But I be relieued by your beastlyhea
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my colou
For with long trauerle I am brent in
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, b
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disda
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pr
With your ayd to forstall my neere
Tho out of his packe a glasse he
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did
He was so enamored with the newe
That nought he deemed deare for th
Tho opened he the doore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke la
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs
Lest he should be descried by his tra
Being within, the Kidde made hi
All for the loue of the glasse he did s